

# Robinson's MAGAZINE:

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## LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JAMES HOGG.

Continued from p. 314.)

*"Pilgrims of the Sun," and "Maddor of the Moor."*

THE poem, of which the name stands first in the title of this article, bears evident marks of haste, and is, we think, the least perfect of the latter productions of the ingenious author. None of the ballads of the *Queen's Wake* was more uniformly commended by reviewers, or more frequently quoted with applause by the publick, than *Kilmeny*; and there is no doubt that by this happy effort of genius, he fairly won all the fame which it brought him. She is the being of a purer region than this, and all her dreams are celestial visitations, the more delightful from the shadowy mystery in which they are involved; yet is she so evidently of our kindred, as to awaken our tenderest sympathies in all that concerns her. There is nothing more tempting to an author, than to return to themes from which he has obtained celebrity, and certainly there is nothing more dangerous. Within the last twenty years we have seen some of the most eminent men of the age miscarry from no other cause than too frequent a recurrence to the same forms of characters and manners. Homer him-

self would have failed in a second poem on the subject of the *Iliad*. and if so, who may hope to succeed in similar circumstances? It frequently happens that as the expectations of the publick rise with the reputation of an author, till they become so extravagant that it is impossible to satisfy them, so does he presume on his popularity, and slacken in his exertions, till he is awakened from his slumber by the unceremonious voice of censure, the more grating to his ears, from the musick of applause which lately sounded in them. Works produced in this sleep of the soul, are rather the grotesque images of the night-mare of a distempered fancy, than the fair visions of a sane imagination; and though they may acquire an ephemeral notice from the distinction of the family to which they belong, they soon drop quietly into the grave, never to rise again. There is reason to suspect, that Mr. Hogg's reputation would not have been so high as it is, if the *Pilgrims of the Sun* had been his first work, and would not suffer any great diminution if all were deducted from it which this production ever gained him.

Mary Lee, the heroine of the poem, is not a twin sister of *Kilmeny*.



ny, but Kilmeny herself, in the very same circumstances, yet treated in a far less interesting way. They are both dreamers, and both are borne to a celestial land; but the dreams of the one are an unpretending sketch of visionary glory, in which more is left to the imagination of the reader than is expressed by the poet,—in those of the other, after a few of the first stanzas, he seems to have forgotten the nature of the work in which he was engaged, and to have produced a long and elaborate poem, where every thing is described with a minuteness, foreign to the subject, and which banishes the whole illusion. Its pretensions are besides so high, that it enters the lists at once with Pope, and Milton, and the old rhymers. It consists of four books, the first and fourth in the ballad measure, (in which, we may remark by the way, that by far the best of Mr. Hogg's poems have been written,) the second in blank verse, and the third in the heroick couplet. The blank verse wants the variety and the full swell of harmony, of which, above all the English metres, it is susceptible; and even his own Border harp seems in this unfortunate instance to have become rusty, and to have lost much of its sweetness and melody. The couplet is well pointed, and contains some delicate satire, but here unhappily out of place.

Mary Lee is thus introduced, but how unlike the opening of Kilmeny!

"She look'd with joy on a young man's face,  
The downy chin and the burning eye,  
Without desire, without a blush  
She lov'd them, but she knew not why."

This is excessively like burlesque, but we believe the author was never more in earnest, and never fancied himself more successful. The truth is, that poets, though quick sighted as lynxes to the er-

rours of others, are a bat-eyed generation to their own inaccuracies. But to proceed with the description of this extraordinary damsel.

"She learned to read when she was young  
The books of deep divinity,  
And she thought by night and she read by day,  
Of the life that is and the life to be."

One evening, when this pious girl was at her prayers, and the reader must remark, that it was a season when the faeries had power,

"There came a wight to Mary's knee,  
With face like angel's, mild and sweet."

But whether he was man, or fairy, or angel, or mongrel, we cannot tell, for in the course of the poem, he is represented as all of them at different times; but, whatever he was, he was commissioned (by whom we are not told) to free the mind of this Border maiden from certain infidel doubts that were resting upon it. The first book contains the aerial journey of Mary Lee and her guide, Cela, to the sun; but, though this part of the poem evinces much of an imagination that can seize and embody the fairest shows of the heavens and the earth, the poet seems, in its composition, to have looked neither before nor behind; and we are tempted to suspect that the correction of the proof-sheet had been left to the printer's devil, for it abounds in the most grotesque contradictions; for instance, the moon is, at the same time, a crescent:

"She kythed like maiden's gowden kemb."

And the waning moon,

"She saw the wraith of the waning moon,  
Trembling and pale it seemed to lie;  
It was not round like golden shield,  
Nor like her moulded orb on high."

And the full moon,

"And up arose the queen of night,  
In all her solemn majesty."

The pilgrims travel onward through visions of glory, often fitly



sung, till they arrive at the sun, where the poet has thought proper to place the heaven of heavens. yers, and in each of these there is some sly and cutting satire.

In the second book, he flings away the harp of the mountains, and with a daring hand seizes that of Jerusalem,

*'Harp of Jerusalem! How shall my hand  
Awake thy Hallelujahs?'*

Here he seems designedly to have entered into a competition with Milton, and no doubt with a confidence of victory, but he has not only sunk beneath the giant's grasp, as was to be expected, but has even shewn less skill and address than usual. In the choice of a subject, it is of great consequence for an author to examine well not only the strength, but even the peculiar character of his mind. We know that Milton is no great favourite with the author, and are inclined to suspect that his themes are not very congenial to the natural currents of his own imaginations; and that, had he studied them, he would rather have followed the moonlight void of the fairies, than entered

*"Into the heaven of heavens, an earthy guest."*

Instead of the sublimity of Milton that irresistibly lifts the mind from earth to heaven, there is here a minuteness and a familiarity that draws it down from heaven to earth. But, in the "thoughts that wander through eternity and infinity," what prudent man would dare to contend with Milton? But even here there is much beautiful poetry:

*"They rested in the bowers where roses hung,  
And flow'rets holding everlasting sweetness.  
And they would light upon celestial hills  
Of beauteous softened green, and converse hold  
With beings like themselves in form and mind;  
Then, rising lightly from the velvet breast  
Of the green mountain, down upon the vales  
They swooped again by lawns and streams of life;  
Then over mighty hills an arch they threw  
Formed like the rainbow."*

In the third book she is conducted to the land of lovers, and of poets, and of warriors, and of law-

*"They saw the land where bards delighted stray,  
And beauteous maids that love the melting lay;  
One mighty hill they clomb with earnest pain,  
Forever clomb, but higher did not gain;  
Their glad some smiles were mixed with frowns severe;  
For all were bent to sing and none to hear."*

After their long pilgrimage, they arrive at Efferick, and in a church-yard see, in a new opened grave,—

*"An aged monk, uncouth to see,  
Who held a sheeted corpse upon his knee,  
And busy, busy, with the form was he!"*

This was the body of Mary Lee herself, who, during her swoon, or whatever else it was, had been supposed dead, and was buried, and now raised by an avaricious monk for certain precious jewels, which had been, as he thought, thriftlessly deposited with her in the grave. At this very moment the spirit enters its own tenement, and drives away the intruder. She returns to Carelha,—terrifies the whole family out of their wits,—is recognized,—tells her strange story,—is courted by many Border chiefs,—but rejects them all. At length, a Hugo of Noroway arrives,—pays his addresses to her, and is readily accepted. They live to a good old age, the admiration of the whole neighbourhood, as well they might, for this Hugo of Noroway is none other than her celestial guide Cela, and, to crown the whole, the poet modestly insinuates that he is descended from this extraordinary pair.

Such is an abstract of this tale, in which it is difficult to determine whether we should most censure the extravagance of its original conception, or commend the genius displayed in some of its passages. It was written in the very wantonness of his fame, engendered by the success of the *Queen's Wake*; and really we would advise him, as friends, to be more careful of his



reputation in future, for it did him no good : and many of those who had looked askance on the elevation of a shepherd, to the first ranks of the living poets, were forward enough to rejoice in what they were pleased to denominate a total failure. It was written in a few weeks ; and, from the facility which he had then acquired of embodying his ideas in verse, we know that much of it might have been written "*currente calamo* ;" and, from the inconsistencies in which it abounds, it does not appear to have undergone any revision. The celestial pilgrimage has no connexion whatever with the Nursery Tale, which is its ground-work ; and the fabrick raised on this foundation is just as if an artist should suspend a Gothick temple on a baby-house. The description of the destruction of a planet, and its reproduction as a comet, is no unfavourable specimen of its happier efforts. It is worthy of its author ; and it is indeed impossible, that, in the course of a long work, genius like his should not often break forth from the mists in which inattention, or a slight re-

maining taint of bad taste, may have sometimes insolved it.

But the time  
That God ordained for its existence run,  
Its uses in that beautiful creation,  
Where nought subsists in vain, remained no more !  
The saints and angles knew of it, and came  
In radiant files, with awful reverence,  
Unto the verge of heaven where we now stand,  
To see the downfall of a sentenced world.  
Think of the impetus that urges on  
These ponderous spheres, and judge of the event,  
Just in the middle of its swift career,  
Th' Almighty snapt the golden cord in twain  
That hung it to the heaven—Creation sobbed !  
And a spontaneous shriek rang on the hills  
Of these celestial regions. Down amain  
Into the void the outcast world descended,  
Wheeling and thundering on ! Its troubled seas  
Were churned into a spray, and, whizzing, flurried  
Around it like a dew.—The mountain tops,  
And ponderous rocks, were off impetuous flung,  
And clattered down the steeps of night for ever.  
" Away into the sunless starless void  
Rushed the abandoned world ; and thro' its caves,  
And rifted channels, airs of chaos sung.  
The realms of night were troubled—for the stillness  
Which there from all eternity had reigned  
Was rudely discomposed ; and moaning sounds,  
Mixed with a whistling howl, were heard afar  
By darkling spirits !—Still with stayless force,  
For years and ages, down the wastes of night  
Rolled the impetuous mass !—of all its seas  
And superficies disencumbered  
It boomed along, till by the gathering speed,  
Its furnaced mines and hills of walled sulphur  
Were blown into a flame—When meteor-like,  
Bursting away upon an arching track,  
Wide as the universe, again it scaled  
The dusky regions.—Long the heavenly hosts  
Had deemed the globe extinct—nor thought of it,  
Save as an instance of Almighty power :  
Judge of their wonder and astonishment,  
When far as heavenly eyes can see, they saw  
In yon blue void, that hideous world appear !  
Showering thin flame, and shining vapour forth  
O'er half the breadth of heaven !—The angels paused  
And all the nations trembled at the view."

[*To be Continued.*]

From the European Magazine.

## LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.

By the Author of Extracts from a Lawyer's Portfolio.

### THE ITALIAN.

**T**ELL me not of your Ariosto and Petrarch!" exclaimed the learned Doctor Busbequius Buonavisa to his nephew Count Blandalma, as they walked in the great square of Padua : "All the books in the Vatican, or the Alexandrian library, if they could be found, should never convince me that woman is not an evil. What says the Talmud ? What said the council of Nice ? and the Koran, and the Institutes of Menu—ay, and our own college ?—Do they not all agree that the Creator did not send woman till he was

asked, lest we should tax him with malice ?—'Wo to the father of daughters !' said the Rabbi Ben Sirai ; and I answer—'Wo to husbands !' "

"Sir," replied the young man meekly, "I might also defy you to shew me any poet, historian, or philosopher, from Hesiod to Voltaire, who has not contradicted himself at least six times on this subject."

"Well, boy, well !—and what does that prove, except that when women were created, fools became necessary ?—But what were they



in Hesiod's days, and what are they now? Ask Ovid, Lucian, Terence, or Petronius!—Hear the English sage in 1617—'For what end,' says he, 'are women so new-fangled, unstaid, and prodigious in their attires, unbefitting age, place, quality, or condition?—Why do they deck themselves with coronets, pendants, chains, girdles, rings, spangles, and versicolour ribbands? Why are their glorious shews with scarfs, fans feathers, furs, masks, laces, tiffanies, ruffs, falls, calls, cuffs, damasks, velvets, cloth of gold and silver?—To what end are their crisped hair, painted faces, gold-fringed petticoats, baring of shoulders and wrists? Such stiffening with cork—strengthening with whalebone—sometimes crushed and crucified—anon in lax clothes, a hundred yards I think in a gown and sleeve? then short, up, down, high, low, thick, or thin? making themselves, like the bark of a cinnamon tree, best outside!'—Answer me, Signor Ludovico Blandalma, answer me."

"There can be no answer, uncle, to such a congregation of questions, unless I repeat the catechism of your friend Jacobus de Voraigne, who composed it, perhaps, when he meditated matrimony. 'Hast thou means?—thou hast one to keep and increase them—Hast none?—thou hast one to help thee.—Art in prosperity?—thy happiness is doubled—Art in adversity? she'll comfort and direct thee—Art at home?—she'll drive away melancholy—Art abroad?—she'll wish and welcome thy return.—There is no delight without society—no society like a wife's."

"Hold, hold!" interrupted Doctor Bus-bequius—"listen to the obverse side—Hast thou means?—thou hast one to spend them—Hast none?—thy beggary is increased—Art in prosperity?—thy share is ended—Art in adversity?—she'll

make it like Job's.—Art at home?—she'll scold thee out of doors—Art abroad?—if thou beest wise, keep thee so. Nothing easier than solitude, no solitude like a bachelor's.—Why, how now? Whence comes that offuscation of face, Ludovico?"

"Nothing, Sir," replied the nephew, smiling, with downcast eyes—"a flush, perhaps, from indigestion."

"Fuliginous vapours, child! Savanarola and Professor Menadous prescribe diazinziber, diacapers, and diacinnamonum, with the syrup of borage and scolopendra, to remove them. This is an irregular syncopatic pulse, which indicates a chronick disease."

"Very possibly, dear uncle, for I have taken a wife."

"By the heart of man! (which is no profane oath, as I know not what the thing is made of) I am glad to hear it!—A wife, saith the Hindoos, is the staff and salvation of her husband; meaning, no doubt, that she chastises him in this world. I congratulate thee, Ludovico, on thy progress through purgatory."

"Spare your raillery," answered Blandalma, with a deeper flush, "I should not have announced my marriage to a cynick so professed, if I had not also had reason to acknowledge my conversion to his system, and my intended separation from—"

"From your wife, nephew," interposed the cynick, charmed with this opportunity to reason on both sides of the question—"abstractedly, a wife is an evil, but relatively she is a benefit, because she exercises the cardinal virtues."

"Sir, there was no enduring her diabolical temper."

"That is another prejudice of ignorance, nephew. We have no reason to believe that Satan has a woman's tongue; but, admitting that a shrewish temper and a demoniacal one are synonymous, I can



suggest a remedy. When your wife is eloquent, answer her in the words of Aristophanes—"Brecc, ckex, ko-ax, ko-ax, oop--oop!"—Or there is another expedient:—the stones in this market-place, as you know, were once employed as publick seats of exhibition for all the insolvent debtors in Padua, and they would be equally useful if vixens were required to stand on them barefoot. I have no doubt that the famous circle at Stonehenge was contrived by the wisdom of ancient Britons for that purpose."

Whether either or both of these expedients would have been successful, remains in eternal doubt, as the next moment brought Ludovico a special messenger, announcing the death of his wife on her way to the baths of Pisa. As this event happened at a distance so convenient, there was no occasion for much solemnity or mourning; one of her relatives, with whom he was not personally acquainted, had arranged her funeral; and Ludovico carried his sable mockery to "midnight dances and the publick show" with great satisfaction. But, as custom is second nature, the unusual tranquillity which he now enjoyed became gradually an incumbrance, and he began to regret the varieties and inequalities of his domestick life. His uncle, after quoting Isocrates, Seneca, Epictetus and every other ancient reasoner against melancholy, prescribed travelling, and determined to accompany him in his tour through the Mediterranean isles himself. As a busy indolence was Ludovico's only motive, and his uncle had none except his delight in curious research among antiquities, their first disembarkation was on the isle of Mytilene—"Here," said Doctor Busbequius, as they walked from the ship's boat along the windings of a graceful coast, and looked towards a cassino half covered with orange-

blossoms—"here is the fit residence for a man whose imagination can give no flashes of light except on a summer's day, like a Swedish marigold—here in the ancient Lesbos, the court of Cytherea, and consequently exempt from shrews, as all isles are usually safe from scorpions."—Ludovico sighed in silence, and approached the garden-gate, where the owner stood awaiting their arrival. The terms of their admission as temporary guests were easily concluded with Signor Furbino, who received them with Italian civility. But when they required his signature to the contract, he informed them, that ceremony would be performed by his daughter.—"I abhor all reference to female wisdom," said Doctor Busbequius—"it always makes a man more uneasy than his own: Why must we have a female signature?"—"Sir," replied the master of the villa, "I have been naturalized in this island long enough to acquaint you with its laws. Here the eldest daughter possesses all the rights allotted to a first-born son in other countries: the second is her menial servant, wears only a coarse brown garb, and is condemned to celibacy. If unfortunately a third daughter arrives, she claims all that her parents may have accumulated since the eldest's birth, and the fourth in succession is her servant, or Calogria. Thus, gentlemen, our daughters are alternately heiresses and slaves, and our sons must seek their fortunes in other lands, or be humble vassals at home, since all the wealth, liberty, and power belong to our wives."—"Why then," exclaimed the philosopher, "this is worse than Egyptian bondage; even in Cleopatra's days, her subjects allowed women to command only one day in the year! Sir, it is plain you require a courageous leader to break these hideous fetters; and if you dare follow me, I



will harangue your countrymen in their senate-house till they resolve on emancipation."—"You would find none but women there, Sir!" answered Furbino, laughing; "and your own emancipation would be rather doubtful. As for myself I am not very unfortunate, being a widower with only two daughters; but I must act as the steward of the eldest, and one of you, gentlemen, must sign this contract in her presence."

Highly amused by his uncle's vehement indignation and eagerness to combat this prodigious system, Blandalma willingly ceded to his seniority the privilege of guaranteeing the contract. With his college peruke placed on one side, his left arm behind, and his right advanced with the roll of parchment in the posture of Cicero's statue, Dr. Busbequius presented himself before the Lesbian lady, who sat alone in a superb apartment, leaning on her embroidery.—"Madam;" said the philosopher, elevating his eyebrows, and fixing his round person precisely erect, "though every code of laws and every national opinion, from the *lex Julia* of the Romans to the talk of a Catawba chief, allows us to form contracts, either publick or domestick, without female aid, I am instructed that your consent is necessary before we can be domiciliated here."—"Is talking your profession?" said the Lesbian, fixing her large bright eyes on her orator—"if it is, you shall teach my macaw. I want him to learn Italian with a pure academical accent; and I admit no strangers unless they conform to our customs. Have you any name or business here?"—"My name," retorted her guest, "which was never asked before without respect, is Busbequius Buonavisa, physician and professor of philology in Padua; and when my nephew has recovered his health, I thank Heaven, I shall have no business here."—"Now," said

Lesbia, "does a physician dare to see a sick man?"—"What would our academy have to do, madam, if men were not sick?"—"Nothing, Mr. Busbequius; and therefore our custom is to chastise a physician every day until his patient recovers."—"But, good lady, my nephew is only sick in mind, and requires no medicine except wine and a clear atmosphere, which, as Boerhaave saith—"—"I have no objection to hear you talk," interrupted Lesbia, "provided you are useful in the meantime—either hold my lap-dog, or this skein of silk while I unwind it. But is not your real name Boerhaave? I have seen your face before in his picture; and if I could learn Latin, I would read his works, and be physician-general to the island."

The latter part of this speech so nearly resembled a compliment, that it reconciled him to the first; and Dr. Busbequius, forgetting how ill his portly resemblance to Boerhaave qualified him for a silk-winder, quietly performed that office while he made an oration on medical science, and ended it by signing the contract as Lesbia dictated. It must be confessed that she unraveled her silk with fingers of exquisite beauty, and employed eyes whose brilliance was heightened by the artificial eyebrow and rich complexion peculiar to Mytilene. The philosopher returned to his nephew in a very eloquent mood, and disturbed his rest more than half the night by descanting on the absurdity of this island's customs, and the necessity of correcting them. Before day-break, he had convinced himself that it would be wisest to enlighten & reform the ladies of Mytilene, and for this purpose he resolved to teach Lesbia Latin. Blandalma shrugged his shoulders at his uncle's quixotism; but, as the sovereign lady of the family did not require or permit his attendance, he resolved to



enjoy the pleasures of her villa. And as his former sufferings had disposed him to compassion, he took some pains to acquaint himself with her younger sister, whom the fantastical laws condemned to perpetual servitude. After many solitary rambles in the orangery, he saw a female there laboriously arranging its trellis in a dark brown habit of the coarsest cloth and most ungraceful form, with a long and thick veil which concealed all her face. Her hair was closely gathered under her hood, and her hands appeared of an olive tint roughened by labour. It was not difficult to recognise the unfortunate Calogria in this costume; and if her fate had been less entitled to benevolent concern, she would have won it by the meek humility in her gestures, as she offered her basket of oranges. This simple action, though probably due to the languor of his faded countenance, was sufficient to claim Blandalma's gratitude, and to manifest the natural grace and courtesy of the Calogria. As the custom of Mytilene forbids that unhappy class of females to converse with strangers, she made no verbal reply to his civility, but her silence had more charms than eloquence. Nor was Ludovico slow in observing her activity and skill in her father's household, and patient submission to the tasks imposed on her by her capricious and imperious sister. She had no leisure, perhaps no wish, to cultivate finer talents; yet she found means to display the sweetness of her voice in Lesbian songs, and to prove a delicate and ready wit in her brief replies to the billets hazarded by Ludovico. For the mystery which involved their intercourse soon touched his imagination sufficiently to rouse him from indifference, and the obstacle created by the laws of Mytilene became an incitement. This mystery, and its enlivening effect on his mind, would not have escaped inquisition, if his uncle's attention had not been equally occupied. With a serious and declared design to convince Lesbia of the follies authorized by the custom of the isle, he visited her apartment daily, and soon discovered that her mind, if properly enlightened, would incline to exchange an absurd prerogative for the softer influence allowed to females. At first Lesbia seemed curiously interested in the enormous volumes brought by her new teacher, who collected the most ancient and ample ones on the subject of due supremacy and subordination. But Lesbia never reasoned, though she argued continually; and it was not easy to debate with an opponent who answered the gravest arguments by a laugh or a jest. And as she always found some employment for him during his harangues, poor Busbequius spent half his time in regulating her aviary, selecting bouquets, and holding her musick-book while she adapted the odes of the first Lesbian poetess to the half-antique lyre still used in Mytilene. After a few interviews, he discovered that her figure in the picturesque costume of her island, would afford Italian sculptors an admirable model of an Amazon; that her modern Greek manuscripts deserved a place in the academy of Pisa; and that she might be rendered a very useful amanuensis if her notions of female independence could be subdued. Instigated, as he always said, by no motive but the publick good, our professor lengthened his visits every day, and certainly enlarged his fund of science. For Lesbia persecuted him with questions respecting the dress of his countrywomen, and would not understand his descriptions till he endeavoured to exemplify them by tying on his cloak and folding his official scarf in the style of a Paduan lady. And as she found his education very de-



ficient, she told him, in the most important points; she compelled him to pour her coffee, arrange her work-table, and carry her parasol, which he endured with tolerable grace, as his obedience was an easy price for her attention to his precepts. With all the dignity and self-approbation of a martyr to the cause of philosophy, Dr. Busbequius sat by her side, gravely learning to knit, while Lesbia pretended to read Cicero's letters respecting his wife's domestick virtues of industry and meekness, in a tone of profound attention and respect. We must confess these studies were often interrupted by a symphony on the Lesbian lyre, which she touched with skill enough to have enchanted Ludovico himself, whose first quarrel with his deceased wife had been because she refused to learn the science he idolized.

After some weeks had passed, the philosopher, one day, accosted his nephew with a mysterious air; and having intimated, rather awkwardly, that publick benefits sometimes require private sacrifices, announced his intended marriage with Lesbia. "Superiour reason," said he, assuming a sublime tone, "has determined her to leave this seat of barbarous prejudices, and to learn the true graces of her sex in Italy. After this, Ludovico, let no one doubt the prevailing force of masculine rhetorick, wisdom, and perseverance."

Bandalma had not been wholly blind to the progress of his uncle's wisdom; but as it had furnished both a shelter and an excuse for his own, he made no attempt to oppose it; and very complacently inquired how he intended to convey a bride from a place where marriages with aliens are unfavourably viewed. The philosopher had formed a plan to elude all obstacles, and proposed that their felucca should be equipped as if for a short excursion, and

Lesbia invited to partake it. Bandalma listened with unfeigned pleasure to a scheme which accorded so well with one he did not yet venture to avow. He felt, it is true, some pity on his uncle's account, when he saw him fascinated by wit and beauty into a ridiculous union; but congratulated himself that his second choice was founded on the sure attractions of a meek and well-subdued temper. Never doubting that the Calogria would be permitted to accompany her sister in the projected voyage, Bandalma instantly provided his felucca with a trusty crew, and took his station in the cabin, as his uncle requested, to receive the fair companion of their adventure with due respect. He had never yet been admitted into her presence, as his indolent indifference had provoked the capricious haughtiness of her temper; and he, on his part, expected to see a face as shrewishly forbidding as some degree of youth and beauty could permit in Lesbia, and the utmost softness in her sister's, which he had never yet seen unveiled. But when the lady entered, triumphantly ushered by his uncle, and threw aside her boat-cloak, he recognised, notwithstanding the artificial eyebrows and high vermilion added to suit her Lesbian costume, the features of *his own wife*. Astonishment at this resurrection, and perhaps a sensation not unlike horror, were so visible in his face, that Dr. Busbequius stood aghast, and mechanically felt for his lancet in expectation of a swoon. The Countess Bandalma, less surprised at the effect of her appearance, bent humbly to her husband, and inquired if he was still disposed to cultivate her Calogria's favour. Ludovico made a confused and angry answer, that it no longer depended on himself. "It depends on you alone," she replied, laughing; "your uncle has learnt to ex-



cuse your former submission to my fancies, and I have learnt how to render it easy. With all my fantastical pretensions to dominion, he did not think me intolerable; and without wit, beauty, or elegance, you found me very interesting in the cloak and veil of a dumb Calogria. When I wish for success in the art of pleasing, I have only to remember the industry and meekness you admired at Mytilene: and you will probably forgive my pretended death, which allowed you so much happiness."

Bandalma had good-humour and good-sense; and as he knew she had acquired the art of being silent sometimes, he very frankly forgave the stratagem practised to regain him. Her uncle Furbino, by whom the principal part had been sustained, accompanied them back to their former residence in Italy, where their conjugal happiness became a proverb; while his honest uncle Busbequius wrote two folios to prove that celebrated truth—"Silence is the ornament of woman."

V.

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From the *La Belle Assemblée*.

## THE MANIACK OF ST. JOSEPH:

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF BARON GRIM.

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IT was about the hour of two in the morning, and the lamp which was suspended in the middle of the court was almost extinguished:—as I was retiring to my apartment, I thought I heard a noise at the bottom of the great staircase; I cried out twice, "Who is there? what are you about there?" A sweet and touching voice answered, "It is me—you find I am waiting for him."

As I was not the person waited for, I went out; when the same voice addressed me, saying, "Hearken—come—and do not make a noise." I drew near, and near the last step, behind a pillar, I perceived a woman dressed in black, with a white girdle, and an abundance of flowing hair.

"Hearken to me," said she, taking me by the hand; "I will do you no harm—do not hurt me. I have deranged nothing on the staircase—I am in a little corner—no one can see me: that hurts nobody. Let him never know it: he will soon come down; I shall just see him, and then I will go away."

Every word she uttered increased my surprise. I sought in vain how to find out who this unfortunate person could be. Her voice was

unknown to me, and it was not possible for me to perceive her exterior. She continued speaking to me; but her ideas seemed confused, and I only discovered the disorder of her head and the sorrows of her heart.

I interrupted her, and tried to point out to her our situation. "If any one was to see you talking with me on the staircase!"—"Ah!" said she, "I see you do not understand this: there is only he who is somebody—all the rest are nothing; and when he is going he will not do as you do: he does not hearken to what is said—he only hears her that is above. Once it was me—to-day it is her: but that will not last." So saying, she took a medallion from her pocket, which she pressed fervently to her bosom.

Just at that moment we heard a door open, and a lacquey, holding a light in his hand over the balustrade, caused me to distinguish a young man who stole softly down stairs.

Leaning against me, his unfortunate victim trembled violently; scarce had he passed her, than her strength entirely failed her, and she fell on the steps nearest the pillar



against which we stood. I was anxious to procure assistance, but the fear of bringing her into trouble prevented me. I took her in my arms; her senses were entirely gone, and I had a small bottle of English salts, which I put to her nostrils. She appeared to recover; I held her two hands in one of mine, while with the other I supported her head. As she came to herself, her nerves were seized with convulsive tremblings: twice I heard her sigh; her chest laboured under severe oppression, and her efforts to speak were extinguished by grief. At length, after some moments of silence, which I durst not interrupt, "Hearken," said she; "I feel it now, and I ought to have given you notice. The accident which has just happened to me must have made you uneasy; for you are good, and you have been terrified: I do not wonder at it. I was like you, I used to be frightened too, when that first happened—I thought I was going to die. Presently, when it is over, I comfort myself by going to him: if he dies, I shall die also; but without that happens, it is impossible; we only die where we live, and it is not in myself, it is in him that I exist. Some time ago I was mad, very mad; and that must not surprise you, for it was then he began to go up this staircase. I have done every thing I could in my despair, every thing—but I wanted means; and yet it was but a simple affair; I could not die, however. Now my reason is returned, every thing comes and goes,—she herself. She is in this medallion, see, it is a portrait; but it is not that of my friend—what would be the use of that? He is so handsome, he cannot be more so; there is nothing wants improving, nothing to be altered. If you knew whose picture this is;—it is her's that is above. Cruel creature! what mischief she has done me since she came near my heart!—it was contented, happy; she broke, deranged, and destroyed it. Tormented by the excess of my grief, I have ran about every where by day and by night. Once I found myself alone in the chamber of my friend: alas! he was not there; I saw this picture on the table, I caught it up, and ran away." So saying, she fell a laughing, and then spoke to me of promenades, carriages, and horses, and I again found her senses wandering. She was then silent for a few minutes. I approached her, and said, "Why do you keep so carefully the picture of that wicked woman above?"—"What," replied she, "do you not know why?—it is my only hope: every day I take it, and place it beside my looking-glass, and I try to form my features after her's. I already begin to resemble her, and very soon, with taking pains, I shall look exactly like her; then I shall go and see my friend—he will be pleased with me, and I will no longer desire to see her who is above: for I am sure, if it was not for her face, I should please his taste much better. See now in what some people place their happiness, just in a set of features: why did not he tell me that—I should have arranged mine, as I do now, and he need not have sought out a stranger: it was the easiest thing in the world, and would have saved us both a great deal of trouble—but, certainly, he never thought of it. Every night I place myself on this staircase; he never comes down till the clock strikes two: then, as I do not see him, I count the pulsations of my heart; but since I began to resemble this picture I find them decrease. But it is getting late; I must be gone. Adieu!"

I conducted her to the end of the street, which when we had arrived at, she turned to the left, and I



went a few steps with her. She fixed her eyes on the rows of lamps which were before us; "You see all these lamps," said she: "well, so pass away the generations of mankind; they are equally agitated by the passing wind, they are animated by a lively fire, are separated equally by distances, and exist only by consuming, while the child who lights them knows no more what he does than the chance which extinguishes them. Why, then, should we be astonished that happiness is so soon destroyed in this world?" I continued to accompany her. "Stop," said she, "go home; I have deprived you of a part of your sleep, and I have done wrong—sleep is so sweet to the happy."—I would not afflict her by my presence, and I left her. However, fearful of any harm befalling her, I followed her with my eyes, as I slowly walked away. I saw her soon after stop before a little door, which she opened, entered, and closed after her. I then returned home, with equal agitation of heart and mind. This unfortunate female was continually before my eyes: I thought on the cause of her misfortunes, and I shed mingled tears of sorrow and regret. I suffered too much mental agony to hope for sleep, and as I waited the rising of the day, I wrote down what had happened, as the recital will, no doubt, interest all susceptible minds.

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From the Gentleman's Magazine.

### REMARKS ON THE SIGNS OF INNS, &c.

**THE CROSS HANDS. THE THREE CROSSES. THE FOUR CROSSES.** Crosses were anciently erected at the meeting of publick roads, and very many of the houses decorated with the above signs are thus situated.

Constantine by law first abolished the punishment of the cross, which had been used by the Romans till his time. It had been also inflicted among the Assyrians, Egyptians, Persians, Carthaginians, and even the Greeks.

The invention or discovery of the Cross, as appears by our Almanacks, is celebrated on May 3. Helena, the mother of Constantine, when 80 years of age, visited the Holy Land, and according to the Legend, discovered the three crosses on which our Saviour and the two thieves had been crucified. To ascertain the one on which our Saviour had been suspended, the corpse of a woman was laid upon each alternately; the two first produced not any effect, but the latter

unquestionably established its verity by instantly restoring the woman to life. The Cross itself too, although divided and subdivided into innumerable fragments, which were distributed among the pious, so that the pieces taken from it amounted to treble the quantity of wood of which it originally consisted, yet nevertheless remained undiminished and entire!!!

Our ancient English Historians assert that Constantine the Great was born at Colchester, and that Helēna his mother was the daughter of Coel a British Prince; but these assertions are discredited by modern authors. The island in which Buonaparte is now confined was named in honour of her, and consequently the common pronunciation of it, as St. Helēna, is incorrect.

Many deeds of Synods were anciently issued, expressing that, as my Lord the Bishop could not write, at his request others had subscribed for him. Many charters granted



by nobles, and even by sovereigns, bore their mark, or "*Signum Crucis*" alone, "*pro ignorantia literarum*," as in a charter dated about the year 700 by Withred King of Kent. Even the great Emperour Justianian was compelled to have his hand guided by a secretary, or he would not have been able to have subscribed to any of his edicts. From this custom of *making crosses* are derived the words *signing* and *signature*, used as synonymes for subscribing and subscription.

There is a vulgar opinion that those monumental effigies which we not unfrequently meet with in ancient churches, having their legs crossed, were intended as representations of Knight Templars; but this distinction was not exclusively confined to that order, but extended to any knight who had visited the Holy Land, or had even assumed the cross on his habit as significant of his intention of such an expedition.

Guillim enumerates 39, and Columbiere 72, different sorts of crosses used in Heraldry. St. George's cross, Gules on a field Argent, is the standard of England, that Saint being the reputed Patron of this nation.

THE CROSS FOXES, the sign of the principal inn at Oswestry in Shropshire, and of very many public houses in North Wales, has been adopted from the armorial bearings of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, bart. Lord Lieutenant of the counties of Denbigh and Merioneth, and Knight of the Shire for the former county, a gentleman not more distinguished for the extent of his domains than for his public spirit, as the patron of agricultural improvement, and as the Colonel of the Flint and Denbigh militia, which he commanded in France when those worthy Cambro-Britons volunteered their services to join the victorious army of the Duke of Wellington.

Footie having been in company with an ancestor of the present baronet, a very large man, and being asked how he liked him, replied, "Oh, a true Welshman, all mountain and barrenness."

THE CROSS KEYS. Inn-keepers, who were tenants or had been servants to Religious houses or persons, would naturally assume for their sign some significant device; and to this cause in many instances may be ascribed the common signs of the Cross, the Cross Keys, the Lamb, the Cardinal's Cap, the Crosier, and the Mitre.

The Keys are the well-known emblem of St. Peter, derived from the metaphorical saying of our Saviour, Matthew xvi. 19; and crossed saltirewise, their usual form on sign-boards, are borne in the arms of the Archbishops of York and Cashel, the Bishops of Exeter, Peterborough, Gloucester, Limerick, Dromore, and Down.

One of our ancient theatres was distinguished by this sign.

THE CROWN. Signs, now almost exclusively confined to publicans, were formerly common to other tradesmen also. The *Crown* then, as at present, was a favourite; and such was the jealous tyranny of Edward IV. that one Walter Walker, a respectable grocer in Cheapside, was executed, as Shakespeare makes Richard truly declare,

"Only for saying he would make his son  
Heir to the *Crown*, meaning indeed his house,  
Which by the *sign thereof* was called so."

A *Grocer* at present merely designates a seller of sugar, tea, plumbs, and spices: but its original signification was a wholesale merchant, one who dealt in large quantities of any merchandize, or in the gross. By a similar use of the figure synecdoche, or putting the whole for a part, the general name of *Stationer*, which originally meant any one that kept a *station* or *shop*, is now confined to a seller



of pens, ink, and paper; and a *Mercer*, which formerly was synonymous with *Merchant*, is now applied to a mere dealer in silks. The word *Millener*, one who sells ribands and dresses for women, is a corruption of *Milainer*, by which name the incorporated company of Haberdashers in London was originally known, and was so called from dealing in merchandize chiefly imported from *Milan*. *Cordwainer*, the common legal appellation of a shoe-maker, as I have before mentioned in the article "*Crispin*," is derived from *Cordovan*, a peculiar kind of leather, originally made at *Cordova* in Spain. There are two trading companies of the city of London, the names of which are become obsolete, viz. *Fletchers* or arrow makers, from *fleche*, an arrow; and *Loriners* or horse-acoutrement makers, from the French *Lormiers*, derived from the Latin *lorum*, a bridle or a horse-harness.

Cheapside, where Walker the grocer lived, obtains its appellation from *Cheap*, or *Cheaping*, the ancient name of a market. A *Chapman*, therefore, is a *market-man*, and its abbreviation *Chap* is often used by the vulgar for any person of whom they mean to speak with freedom or disrespect.

The Crown is often joined on our sign-boards with some other representation. The Crown and Anchor in the Strand, is a tavern much celebrated for publick meetings. The Bell and Crown is a large coach inn in Holborn. The Rose and Crown is a very frequent sign. The principal inn in Leister is called the Three Crowns.

The following anecdote was related by Horace Walpole: "Queen Caroline spoke of shutting up St. James's Park, and converting it

into a noble garden for the palace of that name. She asked my father what it might probably cost, who replied, *only three crowns.*" This reply has been erroneously attributed to Lord Chesterfield.

Gallot derives the word *corona*, whence crown, from the Latin *cornu*, horn, because the ancient crowns were pointed in the manner of horns, which both by Jews and Gentiles were of old esteemed as marks of power, strength, authority, and empire. Hence in the Holy Scriptures horns are used for the Regal dignity, and accordingly horn and crown in the Hebrew are expressed by the same word.

The English crown is adorned with four Maltese crosses, between which are fleurs de lys. From the top of the crosses arise four circular bars, which meet at a little globe supporting a cross. It is of gold, enriched with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and pearls. It is kept at the Tower with the other Regalia, which are altogether valued at above two millions sterling.

Henry V. fought in his crown at Agincourt, which preserved his life by sustaining a stroke from a battle axe, which cleft it. Richard III. also fought at Bosworth field in his crown, which was picked up by a private soldier, who secreted it in a bush, most probably intending to secure it for himself; but, being discovered, it was delivered to Sir Reginald Bray, who gave it to Lord Stanley, who placed it on Richmond's head, and hailed him "King" on the field. Hence arises the device of a crown in a hawthorn bush at each end of Henry VII's tomb in Westminster Abbey.



## POETRY.

From the European Magazine.

## DON SEBASTIAN.

**M**ERRILY, merrily urge the mule !  
 Our long day's toil is done —  
 The fire-flies dance o'er the waters cool,  
 And the walls where the rosy friars rule  
 Look red in the setting sun.  
 Hast thou no carol, jocund Guide,  
 To cheat the toil-worn traveller's way ?  
 Such as at social even-tide  
 Cheers mountain-feast or vintage gay ?

" With oaten-reed or mandoline  
 I lov'd to loiter on the green,  
 When first I rov'd o'er Seville's land :  
 And many a lass with locks of jet  
 Has wav'd the chirping castanet,  
 While Pedro tun'd the saraband.  
 But once o'er Sierra-Ronda's height  
 I led a noble Matadore,  
 Who thrice in good King Carlos' sight  
 Had stretch'd the vanquish'd bull in  
 gore.

His was a voice so rich and clear,  
 When tales of love or war he sung,  
 It well the weary way might cheer,  
 Or tempt thy lovely lady's ear ;  
 Oft while the blithe guitar he strung,  
 The fawn his mellow trills to hear,  
 Would crouch amidst the thicket's  
 gloom,  
 Unstartled by his waving plume,  
 And thus in moonlight serenade  
 He sang, to soothe a dark-ey'd maid.

" Thy beaming eyes I never praise,  
 Nor on thy lip's vermillion gaze,  
 For in those eyes' ethereal blue,  
 And in thy ripe lip's honied dew  
 'Lurks too destructive danger :  
 'Tis not thy gentle smile I bless,  
 For he who would his soul possess  
 Must be to thine a stranger ;

But 'Tis thy frown ! when first I  
 stray'd,  
 By hope's elysian dreams betray'd,  
 Thy timely frown with bland control  
 Oft to my tempest-troubled soul  
 Has peace and safety given ;  
 Then if thy frown from fatal flames  
 So soon the erring soul reclaims,  
 Smile next, and promise heaven !"

\* \* \* \* \*

Now tell me true, thou jocund Guide,  
 Had that fair maiden smiles to give ?  
 " She was a noble widow'd bride,  
 With all the wiles and all the pride  
 That can in gentle beauty live ;—  
 And he who lov'd her, lov'd in vain,  
 Yet one, unthankful and unknown,  
 Dwelt on her fancy's secret throne,  
 And bound her in a joyless chain.  
 For once beneath the golden shade,  
 By citrons and pomegranates made,  
 Thus to her silver lute she sang,  
 While to the bow'r a list'ner sprang.

" Thy gaze and thy approach I shun,  
 Tho' gladden'd in thy sight,  
 As lilies shrink before the sun,  
 Yet live upon his light.

The nightingale in Sharon's bow'r  
 Is silent when he glows,  
 Tho' to his life-diffusing pow'r  
 Her summer-reign she owes.

The palm, Samaria's purple pride,  
 Unfolds its nectar'd fruit,  
 But deep in darkness strives to hide  
 The tendrils of its root :

Thus maiden Beauty shuns the gaze  
 Which all her triumph brings :  
 Thus Love its glowing tribute pays,  
 But shews not whence it springs."

\* \* \* \* \*

Shew me that bow'r, my jocund Guide,  
 While the stars are bright and the  
 moon-beams play !  
 Thy russet hood thy brow shall hide,  
 And thine shall be this palfrey gay !  
 " Down below yon rocky steep,  
 Where the orange blooms and melons  
 creep,  
 Silent and soft, the waters blue  
 Their mossy covert tinkle through,  
 And dropping on their marble bed,  
 Feed the lone elm that bends its head  
 To drink their ever-falling dew :  
 Its tangled roots, all rude and bare,  
 Form for thy feet a lover's stair  
 To reach the fair dame's crystal door ;  
 There, beneath the myrtles high,  
 And the purple roses' canopy,  
 Thou may'st thy tuneful love-tale pour,  
 But warily tread that path again,  
 Ere the laughing morn begins to reign."



It is the hour when night is sweet !  
When moon-beams gild the bow'ry  
vale,

To light the smiling pilgrim's feet,  
While doves and painted warblers hail  
Hearts that with hope and rapture beat  
It is the hour !—and all is still,  
Save, dimpling in its sleep, the rill

Which spreads a tell-tale mirror near,  
While the soft echoes of the hill

The lady lifts her veil to hear.—  
Faintly her lips' sweet breathings stir  
That veil of woven gossamer,  
Light as the filmy cloud which steals  
Tints from the brightness it conceals.

There is no topaz in the mine  
Beneath Morena's yellow rocks  
So shining as those burnish'd locks ;  
There is no marble in the halls  
Within Alhambra's royal walls  
So spotless as that brow benign ;  
Her lips might mock the scarlet gem  
In Abdoulraham's diadem ;  
Or th' tufts of coralline that curl  
Round rich Bassora's purest pearl.

The moon is gone—the way is dark—  
There is but the wandering fire-fly's  
spark

To guide the muffled listener on :  
Yet he has climb'd the soundless gates—  
Beneath their arch a taper waits—

It moves—it rises, and is gone !  
But there is a bold and faithful hand  
Which beckons still with mute command.

“Come on !—the painted curtain lift,  
And take this lute—a lover's gift—

Thou seest her lattic'd casement near :  
And hark !—her magick hands begin  
Speech from the living lyre to win—  
Haste !—and her lonely vigil cheer !”

“Stay yet my true and joyous guide !  
If from this rosy bow'r I lead

The beauteous dame to be my bride,  
Yon sequins and this gem are thine ;  
Now swiftly urge my gallant steed,

And seek the priest of Jago's shrine.  
But knows thy faithful heart on whom  
This golden moment's treasures fall ?

A soldier sunk in fortune's gloom,  
An exile from his father's hall !  
For once in boyhood's sullen pride  
I shun'd a rich and noble bride,  
Whose beauty—but I durst not gaze  
On loveliness I scorn'd to praise.”

“Noble Sebastian, joy to thee !

Thou with a lover's eye hast seen  
Thy proffer'd bride, thy Imogen ;  
Her faith is thine, thy love is free,

And thy father's curse, thy father's ire,  
Shall on this blissful night expire !”

The Guide his russet cloak withdrew—  
It is the noble Matadore

Who thrice the wolves of Mercia slew,  
And steep'd the vanquish'd bull in  
gore !

“Sebastian, well thou know'st the day,  
When, by thy timely jav'lin quell'd,  
Thy grasp the howling savage held,  
While nerveless at his feet I lay ;—

Then by my rescued life I swore  
To urge my rival-love no more,  
And serve thee with a Spaniard's soul ;

For well I knew thy Imogen  
Had smiles thy rebel heart to win,  
And melt thy pride to Love's control.  
Not mine the form, nor mine the face,  
Which highborn Beauty deigns to  
grace ;

Yet once I woo'd her oft and long,  
With quaint device and midnight song ;  
And in a gallant page's garb  
Tam'd for her hand the snow-white  
barb :

But quaint device and song were vain,  
The sunbeam of her smile to gain,  
Until thy well worn praise I sung,  
And told thy deeds with friendship's  
tongue :

Then I have seen the shading lawn  
Around her silver treillis drawn,  
Swell'd by a softer—kinder sigh :  
And when thy noble name I rais'd,  
On mine her kindling eye has gaz'd,  
Bright as the flash of summer's sky !  
Noble Sebastian, take thy prize !  
Love in a transcient summer dies,  
But gratitude has life from heaven !  
And more than Beauty's lap bestows,  
More than triumphant Pleasure knows,  
Is to remembered Friendship given,  
Love for himself his feast prepares,  
But Friendship keeps the bliss it shares.

\* \* \* \* \*

The feast in Seville's bow'rs was gay  
On brave Sebastian's bridal day ;  
Yet seven times thrice the winter-rose  
Grow red where golden Tinto flows,  
Ere the noble Guide was seen again ;  
Then resting in our lone abode  
Scars on his wrinkled brow he show'd,  
And told of many a battle-plain ;  
Oft when our ample bowls supplied  
The balm, old Xeres' sparkling pride,  
He own'd a banish'd lover's pain ;  
But well we rosy Hermits know  
How he heal'd his love and forgot his  
woe !